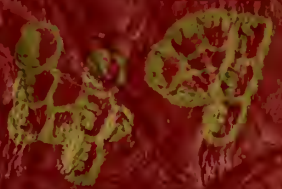
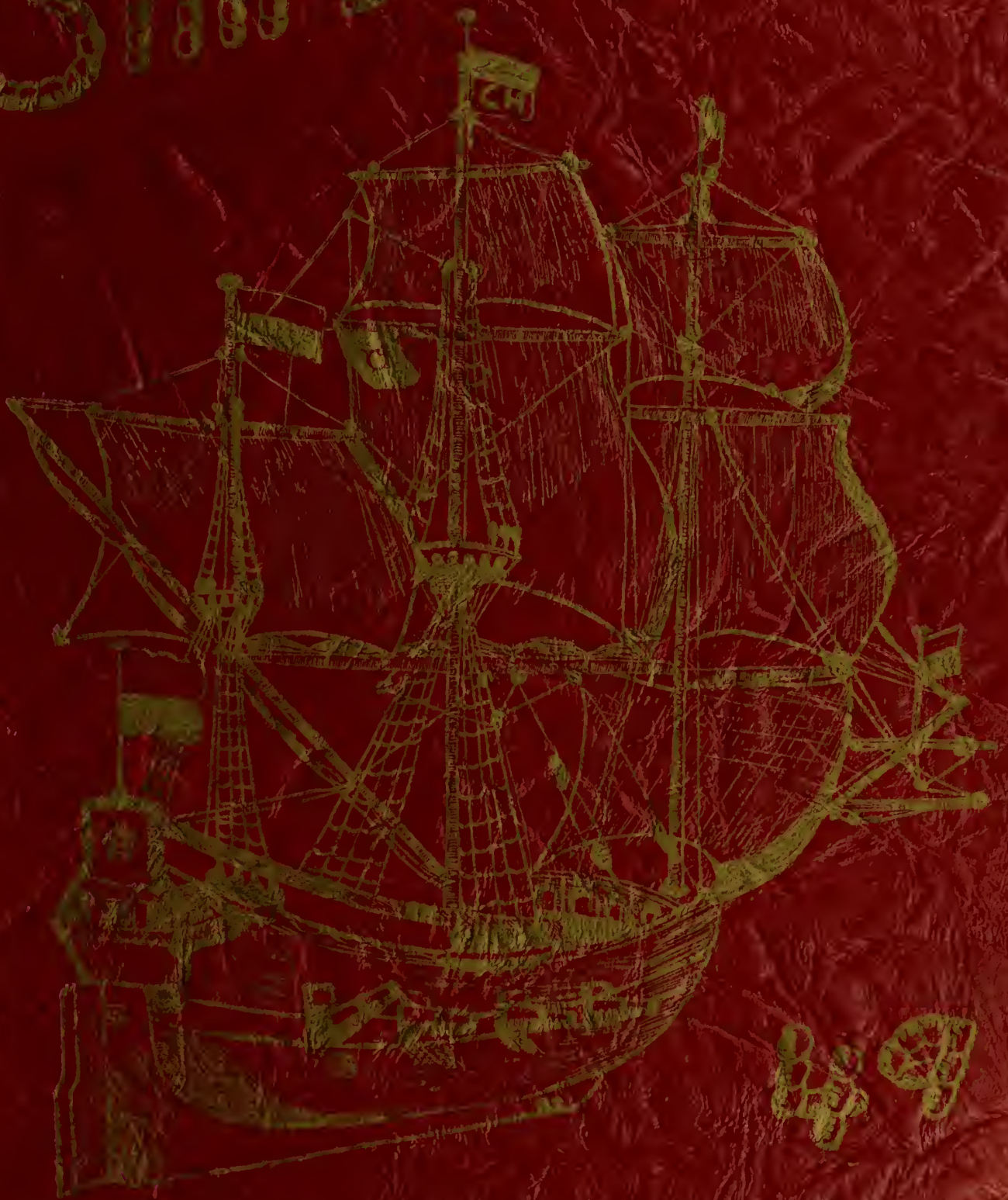


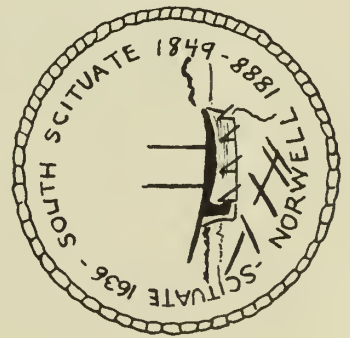
THE Shipbuilder





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Dedication



MISS ELIZABETH FARRAR



MISS IRENE BARTEAU

It is with appreciation that the Senior class dedicates its yearbook to you. During our Junior High years you gave us discipline, guidance, understanding, and, most of all, friendship.

Now we have come to the parting of the ways in the road of knowledge upon which we have been traveling the past four years. As each of us starts down our individual path of life, we turn to wave a final farewell and to say from the bottom of our hearts, "Thank you, Miss Farrar and Miss Barreau."

Springs and summers, autumns and winters merge and blend to form the happy times known as High School. As we make ready our departure from Norwell High, a host of memories stir and renew themselves in our minds. Ours was never an uneventful lot in those four years. It was never so carefree that we were ill conditioned for life, nor was it overly sad. Rather was it a fusion of both, with such seasoning as excitement, apprehension, and esprit de corps added to make an ideal mixture. Here in these pages are we assembled for perhaps the last time with our schoolmates. Here we meet once more before we break ranks and take our separate ways. It has been a great pleasure, ladies and gentlemen; we wish we could stay longer.

FACULTY



First Row- Mrs. Ethel Sproul, Miss Irene Barteau, Mrs. Marion Joyce, Mr. William Sides, Mr. Clifton Bradley, Mr. Frederick Small, Mrs. Ella Osborn, Mrs. Ann Brandt; Second Row- Miss Gertrude Reynolds, Miss Patricia Allen, Mrs. Ruth Lawrence, Miss Regina Maguire, Miss Elizabeth Farrar, Mrs. Grace Cole, Mrs. Enid Taylor, Mrs. Hazel Johnson.

MR. FREDERICK A. SMALL
Principal
MR. CLIFTON E. BRADLEY
Superintendent of Schools

MR. FELIX DIXON
Science, Athletics
MRS. RUTH K. LAWRENCE
Commercial
MRS. MARION H. JOYCE
Languages
MISS REGINA M. MAGUIRE
Mathematics
MRS. ENID TAYLOR
English, History
MISS PATRICIA ALLEN
Household Arts, History
MISS ELIZABETH FARRAR
Grade Eight

MISS IRENE BARTEAU
Grade Seven
MRS. ETHEL SPROUL
Grade Six
MRS. GRACE COLE
Grade Five
MRS. ELLA F. OSBORN
Grade Four
MRS. ANN BRANDT
Grade Three
MRS. HAZEL JOHNSON
Grade Three

STAFF



First Row

Charge of Photographs..Diane Cellini
 Editor.....Edward Fullard
 Assistant Editor..Frances MacFarlane
 Literary Editor.....Ruth Chipman

Second Row

Sports Editor.....Walter Brown
 Business Manager..Frank Cashman
 Art Editor.....Willard Robinson
 Sports Editor.....Nancy Chase

STUDENT COUNCIL

First Row

Joan Murphy, Scott Osborne, Frank Cashman, Willard Robinson
 Marion Ross

Second Row

Robert Turner, Edward Bullard, Ralph Ripley, Richard Kelly



GRADUATES



Christos Arthur Murphy

President

Shipbuilder Staff 4;
Student Council 1,3,4;
Student Council President 3,4; Marshal 1;
Basketball 1.



Barbara Ann Hills

Treasurer - Honor Student

Honor Society 2,3,4;
Treasurer 2,4; Glee Club 1,2,3; Cheerleader 1,2; Inter-class Plays 2,4;
Student Council 3.



Edward Lloyd Bullard

Vice-President

Shipbuilder Staff 4;
Honor Society 2,3;
Inter-class Plays 2,3,4; French Club 4;
Dramatic Club 4;
Student Council 4.



Arthur James Bates

Inter-class Plays 2;
Dramatic Club 4.



Ann Elizabeth Reagan

Secretary

Honor Society 3; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; French Club Secretary 4; Inter-class Plays 2,3.



Walter Arnold Brown

Shipbuilder Staff 4.



Robert William Carl

Basketball 1,2,3,4;
Baseball 2,4.



Frank Herbert Cashman

Shipbuilder Staff 4;
Student Council 4;
Inter-class Plays 3,
4; Dramatic Club 4.



Diane Marie Cellini

Shipbuilder Staff 4;
Inter-class Plays 2,
3,4; Basketball 1,2,3;
Basketball Manager 4;
Cheerleader 3; Drama-
tic Club Secretary 4;
Representative to Girls'
State 3.



Nancy Lee Chase

Shipbuilder Staff 4;
Basketball 2,3,4;
Softball 2,3,4; Band
4.



Ruth Ellan Chipman

Shipbuilder Staff 4;
Secretary 2,3; Inter-
class Plays 2,3,4;
Glee Club 1,2,3,4;
Cheerleader 3,4; Honor
Society 2,3; French
Club 4; Dramatic Club
President 4.



Joan DesJardins

Honor Student

Honor Society 2,3,4;
Inter-class Plays 2,4;
Dramatic Club 4; Glee
Club 1,2,3; Student
Council 2.



Jeanne Evelyn Ewart

Inter-class Plays 2,4;
Dramatic Club 4; Glee
Club 1,2,3.



Carolyn Ruth Hansen

Glee Club 1,2,3;
Dramatic Club 4;
Inter-class Plays 4.



Shirley Gauley

Basketball 1,2,3,4;
Softball 1,2,3,4;
Glee Club 1,2,3;
Hobby Club 4.



Elizabeth Irene Hansen

Glee Club 1,2,3;
Softball 1,2,3,4.



Edith Shirley Hall

Basketball 1,2,3,4;
Softball 1,2; Glee
Club 1,2,3,4; Cheer-
leader 1; Inter-class
Plays 3; Dramatic
Club 4.



Jean Marjorie MacDougall

Honor Society 2,3; Glee
Club 2; Inter-class Plays
3.



Reginald Harold MacDougall
Honor Society 2,3; Basketball 4.



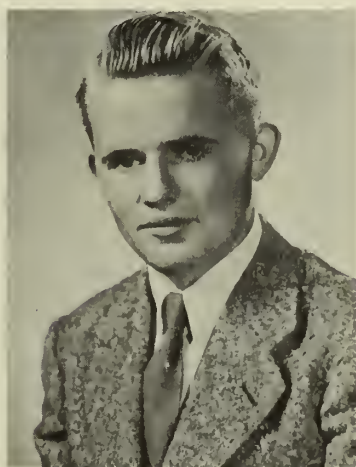
Frances Ann MacFarlane
Honor Student



Charles Alden Mead
Dramatic Club 4.



Donald Alfred Murray
French Club President
4; Inter-class Plays 3.



Willard Wilder Robinson

Shipbuilder Staff 4;
President 3; Inter-
class Plays 2,3;
Toastmaster 1,2,3;
Student Council Sec-
retary-Treasurer 4;
Dramatic Club 4.



Fred Ernest Seaquist, Jr.
Basketball 3,4; Baseball 4.



Eleanor Louise Sousa

Basketball 2,3,4;
Softball 1,2,3,4.



Kenneth Lewis Torrey

Honor Student

President 2; Honor
Society 2,3,4; Inter-
class Plays 2; Track 3.



Lyda Ruth West

Glee Club 1,2,3,4;
Basketball 1,2;
Band 4.

Richard Henderson Kelly

Treasurer 1,3; Student
Council 2,3; Baseball
1,2,4; Basketball 1,2,4.

CLASS HISTORY

SEPTEMBER, 1945. We did not suddenly find ourselves in the ninth grade. No one wondered where the summer had gone, nor did anyone institute an exhaustive search to discover our new members. We straggled in as slowly as possible and gathered in uneasy little groups, greeting school with reluctance and newcomers with distrust. Only after we were firmly seated and duly enrolled as members of the Freshman class did we look about. Our homeroom was among the charts and test tubes of the laboratory. Miss Maguire was our homeroom teacher. Dick Tellier and Paul Moore had left for Pembroke, otherwise we were essentially the same class that had left the eighth grade two months previously. We had been joined by the Hansen twins, Nancy Chase, Anne Reagan, Donna Russell and Ruth Ellan Chipman--all looking very demure. Near the door sat Teddy Mitchell, a newcomer. Ten minutes after the nine o' clock bell had rung, a lean, blonde young man, with sandy hair and scattered freckles, sauntered in. Then we met Frank Cashman.

It was an eventful year: we dramatized part of "Ivanhoe" for the P.T.A., and our scale model of the High School won first prize for the table decorations at the Annual Banquet. Scattering our laurels carelessly behind us, we moved on to grade ten.

SEPTEMBER, 1946. We were assigned once again to Miss Maguire and the Science Room. Henry Giorgetti, Eddie Wyman and Teddy Mitchell had departed. Eddie Baldwin had joined the Navy, and Tommy Hall had forsaken us to become a Milton Man. Entering our class were the MacDougalls and Peter Clark. In the middle of the year Mr. Rogean left and we greeted Mr. Small, who soon recognized our calibre.

This was our first year in the Inter-class Play competition. After learning lines the night before the performance, we presented "Elmer." A wise, aesthetic audience awarded us the popular vote. We instigated the Christmas semi-formals with our highly successful dance. Although we did not win the centerpiece prize at the Banquet, it was obvious that the Sophomore table was superior.

SEPTEMBER, 1947. The Junior Class found it had lost Gerald Schindler and Earl Nash. In their places were Charles Mead with his impersonations and Fred Seaquist with his smile. We had moved to Mrs. Joyce's room. College and Commercial English joined to form one group; otherwise, our high school routine was unchanged. After we had acclimated ourselves, we plunged into preparations for the Inter-class Play. Following exhaustive rehearsal, we presented "The Tantrum." It was well received but did not win the prize. In the spring, we did recapture the Banquet prize. In the school basketball tournament, our teams, both boys and girls, won the championship. We were ready to become Seniors.

SEPTEMBER, 1948. We returned to Miss Maguire and the Science Room. Pete Clark had left (the maidens wept) and Walter Brown arrived. Since September we have thought only of June. After presenting our prize winning play "Dead or Alive" (competent judges this year) we started work on the "Shipbuilder" and our graduation. Now we are worldly and cosmopolitan, experienced and wise. Our manners, viewpoint, and habits bear the mark of maturity. Now we must face the world.



JUNIORS



First Row- Verna Hahner, Ann Scott, Helen McHugh, Scott Osborne, May Hanson, Marilyn Colombo, Joan Murphy; Second Row- Jean Hanson, Lena Johnson, Phyllis Thomas, Barbara Johnson, Gertrude Jackman, Beverly Prest, Mrs. Joyce; Third Row- Arthur Stearns, George Jackman, Richard White, Norman Avidson, Donley Phillips, Lawrence Lambert, Mark Robinson, Kenneth Osborne.

President.....John Cann
Vice-President.....Scott Osborne
Secretary.....May Hanson
Treasurer.....Helen McHugh



Student Council representatives from our homeroom are: Joan Murphy, Scott Osborne, and Richard White.

The Junior Class Inter-class play, "Air Tight Alibi", was ably performed by John Cann, Phyllis Thomas, and a supporting cast. We were proud of the performance but were sorry that we did not receive the prize.

The class of 1950 will sponsor the annual Junior Prom on May 6 in the Norwell High School auditorium.

SOPHOMORES



First Row- Shirley Tingley, Eole Giorgetti, Barbara Johnson, Betsey Carruthers, Ralph Ripley, Ruth Jackson, Lenore Zibetti, Jenney Bennett; Second Row- William Reagan, Sarah Lincoln, Joanne Wessman, Audrey Johnson, Judith Hall, Barbara McCarthy, Eliot Robinson, Mrs. Taylor; Third Row- Bruce Brown, Robert Turner, John McManus, Donald Gordon, David Cranton Kent Williams, Peter Dickman

President.....Ralph Ripley
Vice-President.....Arlene Mouzer
Secretary.....Lenore Zibetti
Treasurer.....Roy Seely



In September we had two new arrivals to the class: Barbara Johnson, from Denver, Colorado, and Bruce Brown, from Boston. When Roy Seely left school, Ruth Jackson took his place as treasurer. In early November, Miss James left to be married and we welcomed Mrs. Taylor.

After many trying times our Sophomore Class Play, "High School Daze" was presented. For the cast we chose: Barbara Johnson, Betsey Carruthers, Joanne Wessman, Ruth Jackson, Ralph Ripley, David Cranton, and William Reagan. We wish to express our thanks to Miss Maguire for her time and effort spent in coaching our play.

On December 18, we gave our Christmas Dance. Don Shurtliff and his orchestra furnished the music. The entire class worked for this gala affair, and the four or five people who attended enjoyed themselves immensely.

FRESHMAN



First Row- Richard Robinson, Webb McLeod; Second Row- Judith Hall, Marya Cellini, Patricia Gunderway, Phillip Joseph, Peter Turner, Tonia Walsh, Judith Bates, Marion Ross; Third Row- Jean Shepherd, Dorothy Wessman, Faith Simpson, Patricia Terry, Jane Sandberg, Kathryn Grigsby, Jo-Ann Mead, Ruth Bennett, Mrs. Lawrence; Fourth Row- Glenn Mesheau, Donald Merritt, Francis Minehan, Thomas Peachey, Franklin Phillips, Richard Carl, George Tibbetts, William Mullins.



President.....Phillip Joseph
 Vice-President.....Peter Turner
 Secretary.....Patricia Gunderway
 Treasurer.....Tonia Walsh

The Freshman Class took charge of the Thanksgiving Assembly. We gave a play entitled "Ellen Takes A Hand." Marya Cellini did a humorous monologue depicting the harried shopper. Both were delightful and well received by the audience.

We are happy to welcome Jean Shepherd from Cohasset and Francis Minnehan from California to our class this year.

EIGHTH GRADE



First Row- Phyllis Wright, Erma MacDougall, Donald Kelly, Diane DesJardins, David Merritt, Preston Ripley, Patricia Wright, Miss Farrar; Second Row- Walter Hall, Dorothy Howes, Carol McCarthy, Pauline Andrews, Diane Hall, Florence Lomax, Eileen Shindler, June Mesheau, Edward Cummings; Third Row- Hugh Jones, Richard Wiley, Kenneth Ekstrom, Roy Baldwin, Robert Gardner, Richard Seely, John Cashman.

LEARNING TO SKATE

Several years ago I was watching graceful figures glide easily over the glassy surface of a pond. There and then I decided,

"This is the sport for me, safe, easy on the muscles."

Then I made the fatal mistake: I bought a pair of ice skates.

The next day I summoned courage and decided to try them. Approaching the ice carefully, I took a tentative step outward. Bang! I went down for a count.

"Hmmm, something wrong here," I muttered to myself.

"Pretend you're waltzing; it's easy," called one of those nearby misleading souls to me. I got up and started off.

"La, da, da; la, da, da, say this is easy, but wait, my feet are going farther and farther apart."

Bump! Sitting lightly on my sacroileac in the middle of the pond I thought, "Not quite as easy as I had expected. Maybe I'd better try a new method."

I got up. Bump! oh, oh, oh!

"I guess I'd better call a short recess," was my next thought, "say ten or twenty years!"

But have you ever tried to get off the middle of a pond on ice skates? That small expanse of ice seemed to grow and grow until it made the Atlantic Ocean look like a mud puddle.

"Oh well, here goes," I crawled, I slithered, I squirmed. I was soaked to the skin; it seems ice is a lot wetter than it looks.

Ten yards to land,--dry, unslippery land. A short spurt should do it. But no, "Help" Splash! "Oh well, does anybody want to but a pair of ice skates?"

Preston Ripley Grade 8



SEVENTH GRADE



First Row- Shedden White, Lois Brown, Frank Colombo, Carroll Farnsworth, Samuel Sylvester, William Murphy, Jean Joseph, Miss Barteau; Second Row- Clifford Hanson, Ann Wilson, Fay Cavanagh, Judith Adams, Camilla Cranton, Rita Leavitt, Ruth Curtis, Hilda Panall, Prescott Crowell; Third Row- Paul Burnside, Summer Bennett, Lee McKenney, Lyn Savage, Donald Scothorne, Dana McKenny, Paul Robinson.

OUR LAND

We have a land to be proud of. First comes our population. Most of the people are good, hardworking, and honest. Fathers work for the support of their families and bring the check home faithfully every pay day. Then comes education with its free schools, trained teachers, colleges, and scholarships. True, nothing is yet perfect but improvement is constantly taking place. Next comes the general outline; farms with great towering silos and bountiful harvests of golden corn and wheat, the placid pools in quiet parks, and the Stars and Stripes flying freely overhead. And, as long as Old Glory waves, our America will be the land of the free and the home of the brave.

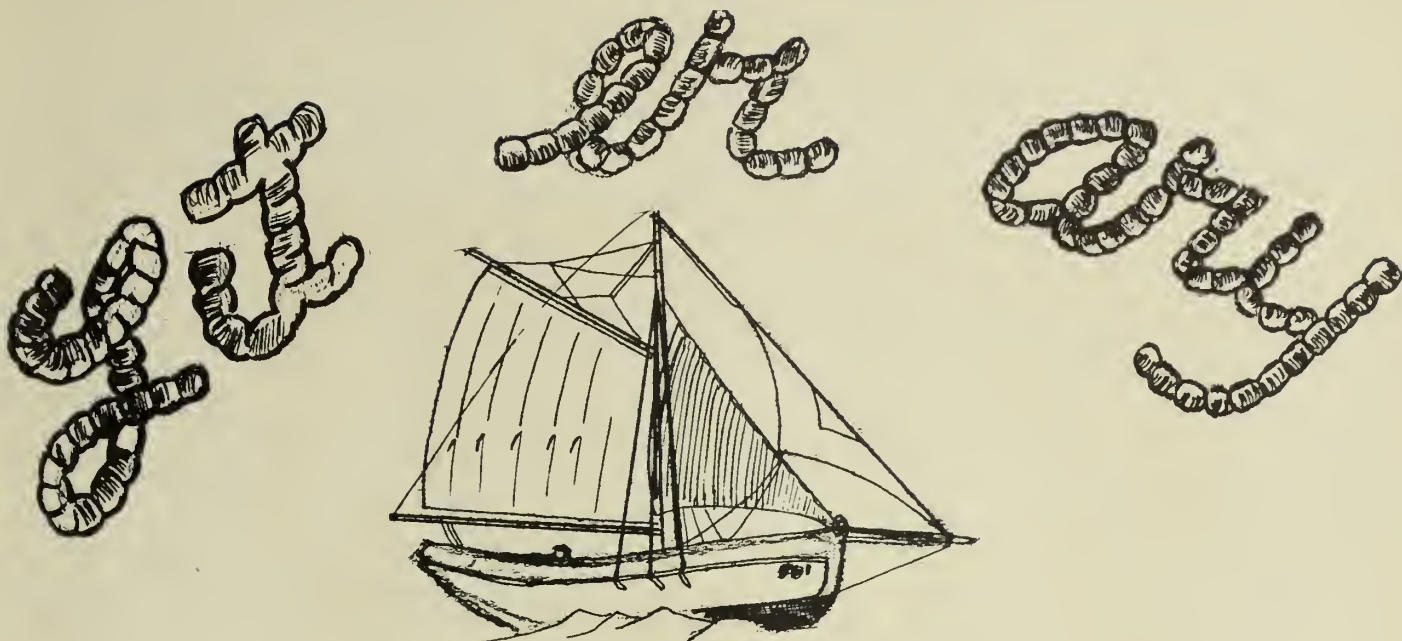
Judy Adams

NO ONE KNOWS

No one knows what she will find in a
lady's pocketbook.
It may be thumbtacks, papers, or
even a fish hook.
No one knows when she looks in it
what she will find.
It may be lipstick, hair pins, or
perfume of some kind.
No one knows, that's very true,
But this perhaps is funny.
With all the things we've named above,
You seldom will find money.

Camilla Cranton





TRIBUTE

We have many interesting and picturesque scenes which delight artists and sightseers in our rambling town of Norwell. Its narrow winding streets with over-hanging branches, its lovely old colonial homes with their stately charm, its many hills and old farms with their rocky pastures enclosed by field-stone walls, and the quaint North River with its many bends—all contribute to the beauty of our old town. We are a delightful community and have been since the Cornet Stetsons and other settlers first built their homes here. For these people, the River became the main highway.

Today's Main, River, and Mt. Blue Streets were just little wagon paths in the wilderness and other roads were mere Indian trails. All that remain of the Indians today are arrow heads and other relics which one finds occasionally. In 1767 the Indians made a surprise attack on the Block House yard.

As we look down upon the lazy, winding River, it is hard to visualize its importance to the pioneer. The North River brought early prosperity to the ingenious men, for on its banks they found a bountiful supply of lumber and excellent sites for shipbuilding. Paddling up the River, we may see signs marking the Old Wanton Yard where the largest ship, the Mount Vernon, was built in 1812. Further down the river we find markers for the Chittenden, Copeland, and Ford Yards. These plaques were made in commemoration of an industry that gave our town a substantial foundation.

At this time Norwell was a part of Scituate and it wasn't until 1849 that it was incorporated and named "Norwell" for Mr. Henry Norwell, a generous citizen, who donated twenty-five hundred dollars annually for the improvement of the roads.

We, the seniors of Norwell High School, are proud of our history, just as we are proud of our town and its people. As a tribute to our forefathers and to an industry that gave Norwell its solid beginning, we call our yearbook the "Shipbuilder."

Diane Cellini '49

FRIENDSHIP

To have a friend whom you can trust,
A friend who is sincere,
Someone who will share your joys
And sorrows year by year.

To have a friendship warm and true,
Is priceless in its worth;
It will always be to me,
The dearest thing on earth.

Nancy Chase '49

REMEMBRANCE

I know I'll dream in years to come,
Of things I did when I was young;
Of happy times, and sad ones too,
When life was painted a brilliant hue.
I'll recall that I did wrong,
And remember the words to many a
song.

And while I dream I hope I see
The dear ones who were friends to me.

Carolyn Hansen '49

DIVINE LIGEIA

As the young man ascended the steps of the parish house, he was conscious of an elevation that threatened to burst the seams of his jacket. He presented his ticket and made his greetings to friends at the door with the address of visiting royalty and the enthusiasm of a victorious candidate. He then repaired to the vestry where he stopped to check once more the set of each stud and the absolute symmetry of every fold in his tuxedo.

The idea, that a church dance could inspire the warm glow that hung about him, would have seemed ridiculous to his friends, but they were brutish beings. As he surveyed himself in the vestry window, he was sure that none other could conceive of the exquisite pain that racked his every fibre. Never did any swain tremble on the threshold of a ballroom floor as did the immaculately dressed young man; the most opulent surroundings could not have contributed one fraction to his anticipation.

He preferred to believe she waited for him, although his good sense might have said otherwise. She had invited him to come: "I hope to see you there." How exquisite his joy when he read that! He knew that she must have written many such cards. He thought of her daughter, his contemporary. How odd it seemed that he could worship the mother with no more desire than for an occasional glance or smile. Yet it was very natural, for she was one woman in many; a rare goddess who combined a vast wisdom with physical perfection to stir the very depths of the soul. Alone, he could never actually visualize her. All he could imagine was an expression at once winsome and gay, eyes like sunlight from an amused little brooklet, and the sweetest mouth that he had ever seen. He had called her Ligeia once, when he fancied her image quite clearly.

As he turned from the vestry window, his arm caught an unnoticed bottle, almost full with a carbonated drink, and sent it to the floor. With a soft curse, he bent to retrieve it. He glanced at his trousers. There, before his horrified gaze, a large stain spread over the knee. It was not until the crease disappeared, leaving a dark, syrupy spot, that the full ghastly significance came over him; then it was too late. Friends had seen him and he was swept into the hall, to the receiving line before he could protest. Without knowing how, he found himself greeting a radiant Ligeia. He smiled and talked. He tried desperately to be natural; he felt he must die before he could be safe and secure.

He had asked her to dance, and he was dancing with her. He was amazed at his own audacity. They danced and danced; they left the room, and danced out over the lawn, from leaf to leaf, from flower to flower; finally they floated out over the bushes and trees and roofs, and they danced on nothing at all. He came back to earth when she laughed and told him the orchestra had stopped playing. He laughed too, nervously, and a wave of inadequacy swept over him. He didn't dance with her again.

He felt better when he had joined his own group. The boys were charitable, and he was not particularly attached to any of the girls. He cared little if they noticed the stain. Not able to leave, he waited for the remainder of the evening, even when his friends started to say good-night. He saw only a divine Ligeia, and he drank in her every movement.

The evening was ended. Only a few persons remained, stacking dishes and taking down decorations. He entered the vestry as she was slipping on her coat. He sprang to help her with it. As she turned to thank him, her arm caught an unnoticed bottle, half full with a carbonated drink, and sent it to the floor. With a soft curse, she bent to retrieve it. She glanced anxiously at his trousers. There, before her horrified gaze, a large stain spread over the knee.

The lovely eyes flew open; she hastened to beg forgiveness for her blunder. How could she have been so stupid as to ruin his suit! He must allow her to have it cleaned for him. Her apology was more than ample. Breathlessly he forgave her. She smiled gratefully at him as she left. Alone, he contemplated the spot on his knee with a deep and profound reverence.
Edward Bullard '49

A MISLEADING DREAM

I had a dream the other night
And, my! It gave me such a fright.
A weird white object came into sight,
Shining in an eerie light.
I hoped it was a handsome knight
Whose armor shone so ghastly white.
One might know I wasn't right,
It was a shmoo, the little sprite!

Lyda West '49

THE SATELLITE

The spaceship rose slowly at first; then by degrees it converged on the acceleration intent. The crew, Nord Rarnus, electronic engineer, Ramsey Jones, mechanical engineer, and I, Arnold Walters, space navigationist, lay back on our narrow bunks to diminish the strain of the initial celerity. Rocketing straight up into the ionosphere at twenty-five thousand miles per hour, we reached the height of three hundred miles above the earth where we turned over and flew around our base planet to augment the speed of the ship by the rotation of the earth. After doubling the distance of the earth, the radaronic navigator conducted the spaceship toward the moon 238,000 miles away.

We got our first close view of the "Queen of Night" forty-seven hours later. The terrain reminded me of the astronomical photography of our secondary planet. We landed September 18, 1974, on the side of the moon which was illuminated by a reflected light from the earth.

While on the moon, we took pictures, collected rock samples, and made astronomical photographs of other planets. Returning to our spaceship with our data, we rocketed out into the cosmo toward earth.

Forty hours later, or one hour ago, flying four hundred miles above the earth's surface, the ship refused to respond to the radaronic controls. Ramsey went through the airlock to check the uranic engines three quarters of an hour ago. Nord has been trying to contact the earth with radar, but as yet, he has not been successful.

I started to write this data about a half hour ago. Now we are revolving around the earth at a uniform level. There is only enough air to last ten hours. If we are not alive when we are found, this manuscript will serve as an account of the first trip to the moon by earthmen.

Walter Brown '49

REVENGE

Again and again the blood-curdling scream broke the silence of the night. The creature had struck again. The fate of another helpless victim had been sealed. For six months he had roamed the nearby countryside, killing all in sight. Sad, indeed, was our peaceful little Indian village, for six of our bravest warriors had gone on hunting trips never to be seen again. Since no one dared to wander far from the village, our food supply was getting low.

In the morning, the chief called a council of all the braves to decide upon a plan of action. They finally agreed to draw lots. The medicine-man held a number of straws of unequal length in his hand. Each brave picked a straw: the brave choosing the longest was to hunt and kill the beast. A heavy silence fell over the tepee as the straws were drawn--I had picked the longest! A shiver of terror raced up my spine as I realized that it was up to me to save the village. It would be a fight to the finish.

As the sun rose the next morning, I set out on my expedition, armed with my bow and arrows and the advice of the older braves. For three days I hunted without success. Each morning I rose at dawn and hunted all day for signs of the animal. Toward sunset of the fourth day, as I was about to pitch camp, I suddenly detected a movement in front of me. Slowly I crept up to the place, and, sure enough, not fifteen feet in front of me was the beast. He caught sight of me and let out a horrible scream. Quickly he bounded to his feet and stood glaring at me. It seemed like an eternity before either of us moved a muscle. Finally he laid back his ears, bared his fangs, and stiffened, ready to jump. Ever so slowly I reached into my quiver and brought out an arrow. I fitted it into my bow and took careful aim. I realized that I had to hit the vital spot with the first shot. The monster leaped! Twang! My arrow had gone straight to its mark. The brute gave one last choking roar and slowly collapsed in a heap on the ground. Yippee! I had killed him.

I was in a happy frame of mind as I raced home. "Hey! Dad," I shouted as I opened the door, "I did it. I finally killed that pesky rabbit which has been eating all the vegetables in our garden. It's lucky you gave me that .22 for my birthday or he would still be making havoc of our poor defenseless lettuce and carrots."

Scott Osborne '50

THE BIG TROUT

Whenever anyone had a fishing problem, Archie Drabner was consulted. The men around Chippery Mountain knew how to fish, but Archie was the master of them all. One day while fishing in Gilligan Creek, Archie saw a gigantic trout leap out of the water. He knew he had to get that trout. Drabner sat down on the rocks and started figuring. Any other trout fisherman would have quickly tried all the tricks he knew, but not Archie.

After he discovered the trout, he did little, if any, work around his fields. Now it happened that Elsie, Archie's wife, was a very hard working woman. She knew that the spring plowing had to be done and she attempted to make Archie forget his fishing. But he would not be bothered with the plowing.

Every day Archie watched until he found his trout, and he settled down to a long study of the trout's feeding habits. It happened that Archie had discussed his problem with the other men, and daily there was a group of them watching his every cast. Each day he tried a new idea, none of which worked. The betting among the men was four to one on the trout.

One day when Archie was watching the trout, he saw a black gnat riding the current of the brook. There was a great splash; at last the trout had risen. The men agreed that the trout well deserved the attention given him by the master fisherman. Archie hurried home and made a new fly to resemble the gnat, but try as he would, he could not hide the curve of the hook. On one of his casts, his fly landed close to another black gnat, riding on the current. The trout rose and took the gnat without giving the fly a second glance. This was it! Archie had finally figured out a way to trap that crafty trout.

That night he worked into the wee hours and completed his new lure. Next morning he rose bright and early and left the house for the brook. Something puzzled him. He had made four new flies; now there were only three. Thoughts of bagging the trout drove all this troublesome matter from his mind.

As he neared the brook, he recognized his wife in the midst of a group of men. In one hand she had his second best rod and in the other his great twelve pound trout.

One of the men said, "Look what your wife done, Archie. She figgered that by tying one fly four inches from the others she could trick the trout. By gorrie, she did!"

Archie's wife said, "Hi, Archie! Let's go home now so you can get to that plowing."

"Yes ma'am," replied Archie.

Kenneth Torrey '49

A LOCKER SPEAKS ITS MIND

Hey, stupid, who d'ya think yer shovin' them books at? Ouch! Quit shovin' me frontis piece, yer shiv'rin me timbers. Ain't us lockers got no rights?

I asks ya now, if we hasn't suffered one revolkin' devel'pment after another? It's gettin' so's a locker ain't much more than a place to hang yer hat 'n' stow yer books. Humm, come ta think of it, we really ain't. But that's irrelegent ta the subjec'. Some of us is gettin' pretty old. We lacks some o' the pers'nal maggatism of them new lockers in other schools, but we got fellin's too.

F'r instance, take m' friends the gym lockers 'n' the way yer always beltin' 'em in the lower regions wid yer big feet when they don't open up after ya've fiddled wid the combination once 't'er twice. An', oh, those incineratin' remarks. I blushes ta think of 'em. Then when ya decided it's become too aspiratin' ta proceed, ya runs off to tell Mr. Dixon ya can't open yer locker, an' may yer please have uer combination, if only for the novulky of it?

Them's some of the more annoyin' habits. I fells that on behalf of meself 'n' me con-stitcherants, reconversion should set in...but fast!! If it don't, them wet rainboots 'n' leaky umbrellas is gonna make me paint crack. And if I had a noze ta git a cold in, I would.

I re-utterate, ain't us lockers got no rights?

Ann Scott '50

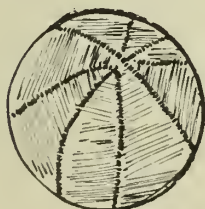
SOFTBALL



Above- Front- Nancy Chase, Lenore Zibetti; First Row- Shirley Hall, Barbara McCarthy, Jean Hanson, Eleanor Sousa, Shirley Gauley, Eole Georgetti, Helen McHugh; Second Row- Miss Maguire, Carol McCarthy, Judy Bates, Joanne Wessman, Faith Simpson, Elizabeth Hansen, Patricia Gunderway, Phyllis Thomas.

Below- First Row- Shirley Hall, Barbara McCarthy, Phyllis Thomas, Nancy Chase, Shirley Gauley, Eole Georgetti, Ruth Jackson; Second Row- Diane Cellini, Jean Hanson, Carol McCarthy, Judy Bates, Faith Simpson, Marya Cellini, Joanne Wessman, Dorothy Wessman; Third Row- Helen McHugh, Gertrude Jackman, Eleanor Sousa, Ann Scott, Verna Hahner, Lenore Zibetti, Patricia Gunderway.

BASKETBALL



BASEBALL

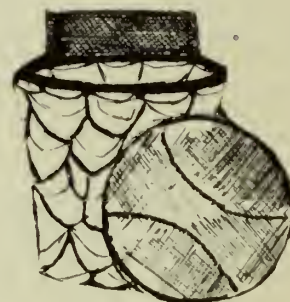


Above- First Row- Reginald MacDougall, Fred Seaquist, Robert Carl, Richard Kelly, Walter Brown, Kenneth Torrey, George Jackman; Second Row- Glenn Mesheau, John McManus, Peter Dickman, Richard Carl, Donald Merritt, Arthur Stearns; Third Row- Robert Turner, Scott Osborne, Ralph Ripley, Donley Phillips, Thomas Peachy, Bruce Brown.

Below- First Row- Ralph Ripley, Richard White, Robert Carl, Fred Seaquist, Richard Kelly, George Jackman, Peter Dickman; Second Row- Scott Osborne, Elliot Robinson, Arthur Stearns, Glenn Mesheau, Kenneth Osborne, William Reagan; Third Row- Richard Carl, John McManus, Mark Robinson, Thomas Peachy, Bruce Brown, Preston Ripley, Reginald MacDougall.



BASKETBALL



CLUBS

THE HOBBY CLUB

The Hobby Club, under the able direction of Mrs. Ruth Lawrence, has been very interesting this year. The Club is divided into two groups: the Crafts group and the Camera group. Many of our members have entertained the Club with exhibits of individual work. The Pen Pals have enjoyed the letters from boys and girls of other countries. The Camera group held a contest, and for one week we were allowed to snap pictures anytime during the school day. The winners were: Marsha Jones, Walter Hall, and Kathryn Grigsby. One of the boys has entered a car-designing contest sponsored by General Motors Corporation.

We were fortunate to have Mrs. Mary Vezina show us different types of pottery which she had made. The members of the Club are looking forward to many such exhibits next year.

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

C'est la première fois depuis longtemps que nous avons eu un cercle français à Norwell High School. Nous avons élu ces officiers à la première réunion: M. Donald Murray, Président; Mlle. May Hanson, Sous-Président; Mlle. Anne Reagan, Secrétaire; et M. Edward Bullard, Trésorier. Nous n'avons qu'onze membres, mais ils sont tous agréables et aimables. Nous nous sommes bien amusés dans Le Cercle Français, particulièrement les quatre membres qui ont manqué la classe d'anglais tous les samedis en quinze, quelquefois en huit.

Un jour nous avons joué quatre scénettes devant la réunion des élèves de l'école. Mlle. Scott a joué une jeune fille exaspérée dans "Au Bal". M. Bullard et M. Murray ont joué dans "Chez Le Dentiste". Mlles. Chipman et Thomas ont joué avec éclat "Au Restaurant". L'autre scénette était "A La Gare" et Mlles. Reagan et Colombo l'ont jouée très bien.

Madame Joyce, notre professeur de français, nous a aidés tant que nous voulons exprimer notre reconnaissance. Elle est vraiment bonne et elle a beaucoup aidé les élèves de la quatrième année.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

This year the Dramatic Club was organized under the guidance of Miss Maguire and Mrs. Taylor. The officers are: President, Ruth Chipman; Vice-President, Phyllis Thomas; Secretary, Diane Cellini; Treasurer, Frances MacFarlane.

Our program has been full and entertaining: we attended Shakespeare's "Hamlet" in October, we helped with Inter-class Plays in November, and we hope to present a three-act play in April.

We plan to have an interesting and progressive program scheduled for next year.



CLASS OF 1948

BABY PICTURES

- 1 - Walter Brown
- 2 - Eleanor Sousa
- 3 - Hansen twins
- 4 - Christos Murphy
- 5 - Diane Cellini
- 6 - Willard Robinson
- 8 - Shirley Hall
- 9 - Nancy Chase
- 11 - Charles Mead
- 12 - Ann Reagan
- 13 - Richard Kelly
- 14 - Barbara Hills
- 15 - Frances MacFarlane
- 16 - Lyda West
- 17 - Edward Bullard
- 18 - Jeanne Ewart
- 19 - Fred Seaquist
- 20 - Ruth Chipman
- 21 - Robert Carl
- 23 - Shirley Gauley
- 25 - Joan DesJardins
- 26 - Kenneth Torrey

- Earl Allen, Jr. - Attending Boston University
Ann Feneck - At home
Sally Henderson - At home
Florence Jackman - At home
Edward Joseph - Employed by the Town of Norwell
George LeCain - Attending Brockton Business College
John Marsh - Employed by Fore River
James McHugh - U.S. Navy
John Mesheau - Working at Quincy Motor Co.
Sally Neumeyer - Residing in Rockland
Donald Norris - Employed by Kennedy's, Scituate
Mildred Osborne - Waitress at Sargent's
John Savage - Employed by Brockton Edison
Dorothy Shortall - Employed by Bemis Drug, Rockland
Alice Wadsworth - At home
Henry Walter - Working at the Country Fare, Hingham
Russell Winslow - Attending Boston University
Robert Wessman - U.S. Air Corp

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